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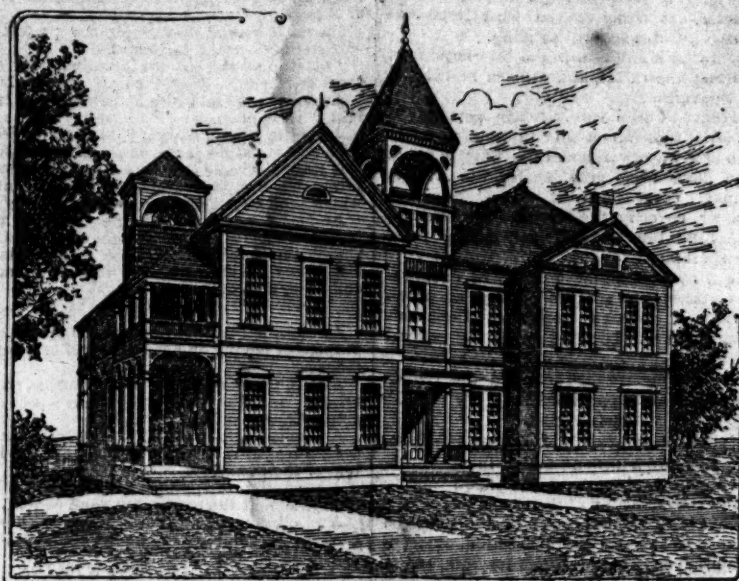
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"The new Georgia advertiser, just issued by George P. Rowell & Co., specifies the best paper in each of the States, territories, districts or provinces of the United States and Canada. This means the best paper for an advertiser to use if he will use but one in a State, and the one publication which is read by the largest number and best class of persons throughout the State. For Georgia the paper named is none other than THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION." (Signed)  
 GEORGE P. ROWELL & CO., New York.

ATLANTA, GA., August 23, 1891.

## Well Done!

Now, that the state alliance convention has finished its work, a brief review of its proceedings will be timely.

A backward glance over certain events of the past few days shows that the work of the Georgia alliance men in their great deliberative assembly will strike people generally as being remarkable, and to be especially commended for three things:

1. With the federal loyalty and state pride of genuine Georgia democrats, these sturdy alliance men overwhelpingly sat down to the work of the alliance in a practically unanimous way, annihilated the attempt of outsiders to throw obstacles in Judge Crisp's straight and assured path to the speaker's chair. The convention had no patience with this unpatriotic scheme of disorganized disorganization. It originated with a man who is not an alliance man, and who enjoys the notoriety of being the only member of Georgia's congressional delegation who would deprive our state of the honor and influence which she would reap by the elevation of one of her ablest and most devoted sons to the speakership. The anti-Crisp movement was so promptly and heavily smashed by the alliance sledgehammer that it will never be heard of again.

2. Two influential delegates from the third party—Colonel Post and General Rice—were on the ground early, and the interviews with them in another column will show that they meant business. These visitors and a number of outsiders had much to say about the third party before the convention assembled. Their talk conveyed the idea that our farmers were all third party men at heart, and would embrace the earliest opportunity of endorsing it. The alliance met. It proceeded to business, and discussed many questions, but it ignored the third party. The members make it plain in every word and action that they were old-fashioned Georgia democrats. In their eyes the third party was perhaps well enough for a crowd of dissatisfied republicans in the northwest, but here in Georgia, where the grand old democratic party is in touch with the masses, and has a majority composed of alliance farmers, these clear-headed citizens could see no necessity, and not even an excuse, for favoring a new party. So unanimous was this view that there was not a whisper about the third party in the convention. It was not thought of as a possibility, and so was crushingly and completely ignored.

3. The very first day, and all the way through, it was apparent that the alliance men were here for business and the good of the order. That was their programme, and they stuck to it. There was but little discord, or factions disorganizing.

But the solitary Georgia congressman who opposes, Crisp in the face of the significant fact that the other members, including the five alliance congressmen, are solidly for him, and who has made himself conspicuous by comparing the democratic party odiously with the republican party, was on hand a day in advance with a big scheme in his head. He was going to put his man in for president, or if that failed, for vice president. He broke loose in a tirade against the alliance leaders, but it did not have the desired effect. After his vigorous attacks on the leaders of the democratic party, his slashing at Cleveland, Hill, Gordon, Gorman and every other man of prominence whose head was shown, the alliance was not surprised that he should break loose with his tomahawk in Atlanta.

This apostle of discord failed to stir an answering ripple in the alliance, and Mr. Ellington, the man of his choice, was not even mentioned for the presidency, and was overwhelmingly defeated for the vice presidency, which position was generally conceded to him before Mr. Watson and his mouth arrived.

A pity, too, because Mr. Ellington is naturally a clever fellow.

In view of all the facts of the situation, hurriedly summarized here, and suggesting a volume of comment, THE CONSTITUTION and the democracy, and all patriotic Georgians tender their heartiest

congratulations to the alliance for the brave manner in which it has cast aside dangerous idols of treachery to the south, and for the emphatic manner in which it rejected all overtures looking to its departure from the good old democratic fold of our fathers.

## A Good Point.

Colonel Mosby, in a recent interview, makes the statement that although the ex-convict Miller, who courted his daughter, was introduced under respectable colors, he took a dislike to him from the fact that when he wrote, asking the young lady's hand in marriage, he said: "I am a gentleman."

Mosby is an old soldier who knows the world thoroughly. When he read that silly, boasting sentence he made up his judgment about Miller, and he is not surprised to hear of the fellow's exposure.

It is a good point to remember. Why should a gentleman state that he is one? It is a virtual admission that his standing is doubtful. Of course gentlemen sometimes make such thoughtless slips of the tongue, but the clear-headed gentleman, who knows what he is talking about, never makes such a blunder.

## Why Mr. Harrison is Unwell.

It is now Mr. Benjamin Harrison who is sick. The other day it was Mr. Blaine, while Mr. Benjamin Harrison was feeling pretty well. I thank you kindly, Mr. Blaine, however, is well enough to get caught out in thunder storms and to talk to his friends in a stentorian tone of voice that can be heard for a mile.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison is ill because he has read in the newspapers what Mr. Blaine told General Russell Alger. Mr. Blaine is no longer clerking in Mr. Harrison's political cupboard in Washington. He is enjoying life at Bar Harbor, and he is at liberty to put his thoughts into words.

His principal thought at this time is that he will be the candidate for the republican nomination. This is what he told General Alger, and the general tells it to newspaper men with an emphasis which shows that the information was not given to him in confidence.

The result in Pennsylvania, where Chris Magee was able to take the machine out of Quay's hands, convinced Mr. Blaine of the fact that his friends ought to have no doubt about his intentions. He has promptly made General Alger his advance agent, and the Blaine republicans will begin to whoop up the boys in something like their old style.

This is why Mr. Benjamin Harrison is now sick.

## A Model Man Out of a Job.

It is announced in the eastern papers that Mr. W. E. Gould, of Portland, Me., a gentleman of "undoubted financial ability," thinks of going west in search of a field suited to his talents.

Mr. Gould is the son-in-law of General Neal Dow. For many years he was pointed out in Portland as a model citizen. Regular in his church attendance, interested in Sunday schools, always on the side of the "best people," this young man was a bright and shining light. He looked with horror upon Sabbath breaking, and was a strong advocate of honest money. Although his salary as cashier of the First National bank was moderate, his financial ability enabled him to build a handsome residence and gratify very expensive tastes. Unfortunately, about five years ago, the cashier suddenly disappeared from public view, having been sentenced to a term in the penitentiary for appropriating the money of others, but the activity of his friends has secured the promise of a pardon from President Harrison, and when he is released he will be aided in getting on his feet again.

But there are so many model men out of a job just now that Mr. Gould is not wanted out west, and there is certainly no opening for him in the south.

It must be admitted that he has all the qualifications that should enable him to win his way in this peculiar age. His "honest money" views will recommend him to the republican party. His religious connections and his zeal as a moral reformer cannot fail to help him. Sherman, or Quay, or Wainwright need just such a man, and doubtless they will be able to make room for him.

In these days it does not hurt a man to go through Gould's experience if he has influential friends and boodle to back him. In the provincial west and south people will turn the cold shoulder, but in the plutocratic east, where the money devil is monarch of all he surveys, Mr. Gould will find no prejudices to block his way, and the possibilities of his future are absolutely dazzling. President Harrison is to be congratulated upon the unerring judgment with which he can pick out a model citizen anywhere.

In the densest crowd he can lay his hand on a Quay or a Wainwright or a Raum without the slightest hesitation, and his decision to extend executive clemency to Gould is only one more instance of his profound knowledge of human nature.

## A Tribute to Confederate Women.

A few days ago The Public Good, a paper published at Sing Sing, New York, contained the following editorial paragraph:

"The Confederate ladies propose to erect a memorial to the women of the south who so vigorously seconded the war of the rebellion, and are looking around for a fitting statue wherewith to surmount the pedestal. If the projectors will look through their Southern eyes, they will find a most appropriate representative of those who propose to honor in Ate, the daughter of Jupiter, who is represented as 'hovering over the heads of mortal men, everywhere sowing dissensions, wars and ruin.' If ever there were female in the guise of angels they were the women of the south during the struggle made by that goddess to destroy the nation, and Ate was their goddess."

If the fellow who wrote this thought that it would be accepted without a protest in his own section, he was badly mistaken. Major Walter F. Halleck, a gallant union veteran, who was in Libby prison twenty-eight years ago, has written a vigorous reply in the Jamestown, New York, Sun. The major says:

"A man claiming American citizenship who could write and publish such an article as this referred to, reflecting on the ladies of that section of the republic that gave us a Mary and Martha Washington, is both a disgrace to his country and the honorable profession of journalism, and is more to be avoided than a frothing cat at this season of the year."

swearthear of the men who, from patriotism, entered the army to preserve the union, or, who, from principle, exposed the fortunes of their native states and the confederacy. But in very few instances were the women of the north, in addition to the irreparable loss of loved ones, brought face to face with the actual horrors of the battlefield. Their fathers, husbands, sons were not shot down in or near their own door yards, the torch was not applied to their homes before their eyes; their homes were not pillaged, robbed by the enemy. Oh, the women of the south knew what war meant with all its horrors. Of course, they cannot forget it, yet they forgive, and it is not proof they are angels in the guise of mortals, where on earth will you find it?

Remember it was these same ladies of the south who, just after the war, were the first to discover that there were flowers enough in their section of the republic to decorate the graves of union and confederate soldiers alike. This noble and forgiving act will never be forgotten while a man worthily the name of soldier survives here in the north.

Major Halleck expresses the hope that the south will honor her women with a memorial the grandest and most beautiful in the world of art. But whether these confederate heroines have a monument or not, he does not propose to remain quiet when they are assailed and misrepresented.

This old enemy of ours shows the manly spirit of a true American soldier. Fortunately, there are thousands like him, and the old confederates are as proud of them as they are of their own comrades.

## A Good Suggestion.

We print elsewhere a very interesting letter from Mr. John Stephens in regard to preparations that ought to be made by the Georgia legislature for the probable repeal of the 10 per cent tax on the circulation of state banks. As Mr. Stephens says, the national banking laws are sure to be repealed or greatly modified in the near future, and the clause taxing the circulation of state banks will go with the rest. Meanwhile, the states ought to make preparations for that event. These preparations will not only protect the people against the issues of irredeemable currency, but will pave the way to a prompt repeal of the present war measure on which the national banks are based.

We feel certain that the more the question of state banks is discussed, the reader the common sense of the people will be to accept a properly guarded and restricted system of this kind as the remedy for most of the financial ills of the time, and as the solution of the problem involved in securing a sound and elastic currency in sufficient volume to meet the wants of the people.

But before we can have state banks of issue, the war measure under which the national banks operate must be repealed or modified, and in order that this event may occur without creating any confusion, the states should be prepared for it. The general assembly of Georgia is now in session, and it would be an easy matter to pass a law providing for and regulating state banks of issue, the law to become operative only when the 10 per cent tax is abolished.

Were the repeal of this restriction to occur with no preparation for the event on the part of the state, it is extremely probable that the swift advantage would be taken of the lack of restrictive legislation.

There is sound sense in the letter of Mr. Stephens.

## There Is No Mystery.

The editor of The New York Journal of Commerce has a long article on what he calls "The Silver Mystery." There are two features of this article that are both interesting and suggestive. Editor Stone shows that when silver possessed under the law potential money value, there was no great rush of the metal to the mints. He gives the figures in regard to the coinage of silver dollars, and shows that the mints were not run day and night in order to supply the demand for silver dollars. He shows that as soon as silver became too valuable to properly perform the function of money, its place was taken by gold; that as soon as the white metal went to a premium, its place was taken by gold, while, under the check and balance of bimetalism, became the money standard.

Editor Stone then goes on to prove very clearly that the quack doctoring which silver has since received, it has continued to decline in value; that, in spite of the Bland-Allison law, with compulsory coinage, and the Sherman law, which compels the government to purchase the output of the American mines, the market price of bullion silver has not materially advanced. All this is very interesting because it is true, and the fact that it is true demonstrates beyond all question the absolute necessity of restoring silver to its old place in our currency.

The fact that there was no rush of silver to the mints when these institutions were open to the coinage of silver ought to be in some sort a guarantee that there would not be a very great rush of the white metal when the mints are reopened to free coinage. That the coinage of bullion on private account would be larger than ever before is certain, for the necessities of the people are greater, and there is a demand in all branches of business for a larger volume of currency. But the coinage of silver is self-limiting and self-regulating.

What, then, would be the result of free coinage, and why do the people favor it? For this reason—that it would restore to our currency the true money standard. The gold standard is a false one, and the gold standard would give us the silver standard. This is so true that it cannot be too often proclaimed or too strenuously insisted upon. It is an argument in favor of the people and their prosperity. We should have the silver standard for the same reason that we had the gold standard when the value of silver rose, as it did in 1840 and 1850, beyond the true money standard. Gold, at the present moment, is far beyond the true money standard. The decline in silver is only perceptible when it is compared with the rise in gold. Compared with the value of all other commodities, silver has shown little or no tendency to fluctuate. Gold, on the other hand, responsive to the demands made on it as the measure of value here and in Europe, has constantly appreciated. This increase in value may be accurately measured by the difference between the two metals. Wage earners are compelled to perform one dollar and twenty-five cents' worth of work for \$1.

Free coinage would give us the silver standard undoubtedly, but only temporarily. The distinguishing feature of bimetalism is not, as many suppose, that it gives us the double standard, but that it gives us an interchangeable money value. The gold and silver standards are interchangeable, and the value of the money is maintained by the action of the market.

After paying a tribute to the valor of the confederate soldiers, the chivalric veteran who wore the blue, writes:

"But if there was any one thing more than another that called forth the admiration of every true American, yet of the civilized world—during the late war, and the years following, and the devotion shown by the mothers, wives, sisters and

standard, they use a term that is deceptive. Bimetalism gives us merely two metals of potential money value, one of which is always cheaper than the other. When gold passes the true money standard, silver takes its place. This function gradually enhances the value of silver, and the absence of it depreciates gold, so that when silver passes the bimetallic line, gold is ready to take its place.

We observe with pleasure that the veteran editor of The Journal of Commerce, whose wisdom and conservatism are proverbial, does not indulge in any of the sham arguments which the money sharks and their organs have made familiar. He does not say that free coinage would flood the country with "cheap dollars." He does not say that free coinage would depreciate silver and drive gold out of the country; he does not, in short, indulge in any of the claptrap which issues forth from Wall Street.

Editor Stone knows that this country has had free coinage almost from the inception of the government down to 1873, and he knows that it resulted in none of the ills which the gold standard now predict. He knows, moreover, that gold and silver money is the money of the constitution, and that a metal which is demonetized—shut out of the limits—cannot possess the potential value of money.

## Where Reform is Needed.

It is impossible to read our newspapers closely without coming to the conclusion that so far as the relations of the sexes are concerned this generation is retrograding in morals.

Middle-aged men can remember a time when a woman could travel alone from one end of the country to the other without danger, and without insult. She cannot do it now. Even during the war in the confederacy it was safe for an unprotected woman to journey from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. It is not always safe now.

Times have changed and men have changed with them. We do not need to point to the crowded cities of the north and west for examples of the phases of immorality and crime now under discussion. We have them in our own section. Is there any French novel with a more horrible plot than we find in the Baker-Gilmer case recently tried at Abingdon? Then, there was a similar case in South Carolina, where a woman poisoned her husband in order to get him out of her lover's way. These persons, we are assured by all the newspaper accounts, belong to respectable families.

Did we have such cases in the south before the war? But we should not stop here. There is such a thing as loose morality without murder, and we have altogether too much of it. Our newspapers are filled with accounts of certain offenses in which women and even very young girls—mere children—are the victims. We are indulging in no pessimistic strain when we say that these crimes are on the increase. If you do not believe it, ask any man of fifty, and he will promptly confirm our statement. Besides these crimes, it is plain to all observers that too many young men and young women are in the habit of treating each other with that degree of familiarity which surely breeds contempt. All that has been said against the arm-clutch and similar familiarities is true. Our young people, many of them, are drifting into what would have been looked upon some years ago as an improper freedom of conversation, and this may lead to something worse.

The briefest hint in regard to these matters should be enough. The mere suggestion of a reform should be heartily applauded. The natural bias of our people is toward morality. If they have gone backward in this generation we believe that the explanation will be found in the vicious and trashy literature with which the country is flooded. If the busy father of two or three boys and girls would carefully examine a score or so of the cheap sensational novels which have such a large sale at present, he would lose all hope for his children if he found that they had been reading just such books for years. Bad literature spreads like fire and does as much damage. It leaps to the stage in the shape of demoralizing plays, and even the bill boards become unfit for exhibition. The loose morality in this festering mass of novels and plays reaches out far and wide into every circle of society, and touches those who have never seen them.

While we are talking so much about reform, the best thing our preachers, teachers, newspapers and good people can do is to set their faces against impure literature and the too familiar conversation and manners of the young people, who, with no improper motives at first, drift easily into the prevailing fashions and habits of the day, only to find when too late that they have gone a step too far. The fact is, we need more of the old-fashioned home rule of other days. And we need society leaders who will give the cut direct to men and women whose morals are questionable.

SON RUSSELL continues to be alarmed about Mr. Blaine's robust health.

JOHN SHERMAN's desire to make the silver question a prominent issue in Ohio, ought to be abundantly gratified by the democrats.

THE DECLINE in Mr. Blaine's health was due to the fact that he was a clerk under the administration. Now that he is no longer a clerk, he is getting well.

THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT has already brought about republican victories in Ohio, Iowa and New York this year. Such a powerful organ as this will have to be suppressed in some way.

GENERAL RUSSELL ALGER says Blaine told him personally that he was a candidate. This from General Russell Alger is calculated to hurt Son Russell Harrison's feelings.

THE FREE coinage heaven is working. The Pennsylvania republicans are trying to compromise with the people on that issue.

THE FARMERS of Ohio propose to paint John Sherman's barn red for him.

HARRISON HAS said in a speech at Albany that he will veto a free coinage bill. The country did not need to be told that. His veto is needed to bring the silver issue prominently to the front.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

SOUTHERN LAW is sometimes peculiar, say The New York Sun, and they add the following peculiar story: As Asheville in North Carolina the mayor holds court for petty offenders, and while he is dispensing justice the visitors follow the example of the chief of police and keep their hats on their heads and their pipes in their mouths. A man who had been a team for \$1.50 a day refused to pay for his team through the mayor, and was sent to jail in consequence.

For his defense. After both sides had been heard the mayor pronounced his decision and said that if the culprit had not employed a lawyer he would have let him off, but as he would fine him \$10. The lawyer read a supreme court decision which was directly to the contrary; but the mayor remarked that he didn't care a continental for the supreme court; that he was himself the arbiter of law in that particular bailiwick and that his judgment was to stand.

FRANK HARRIST, the Boston traveler, says horse-car conductors the world over are well informed and affable as a rule. Frank Vincent, the great South American explorer, says he has found women in strange lands more courteous than men. Mungo Park had, of course, some experience at least which must have led him to an opinion similar to Mr. Vincent's. But what is one to think of those travelers when Mrs. French Sheldon declares that the native men were kind and the native women she met in Africa forbidding and cruel, while Lady Florence Wifey has said more than once that she could travel all round the world unmolested but for her own sex.

THE NEW YORK RECORDER contends that the prohibition movement in the south is simply in order to keep temptation out of the way of the colored people.

BROUGHT A boat of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Company would not wait a minute or two for Mr. Morton, the vice president of this republic, the other day, quite a row has been raised. The superintendent of the company has made a report in which he states that if his men had known that it was the vice president they would have made the boat wait.

FRANKLIN LEPPER, of Melbourne, has started a crusade against tea drinking. In a recent speech at a public meeting he said that, in her opinion, next to alcohol the greatest master of human will and destroyer of vitality is tea, and then he went on to say that tea belonged to the same class of drink as alcohol. He affirmed that it acted like alcohol on the nervous system, though manifesting itself outwardly in an entirely different way. Alcohol acts as a stimulant, according to Franklin Lepper, while tea acts as a sedative. The former prevents life by inducing excessive action. The latter prevents life by destroying it. A series of terrible experiments with them wound up the lecture, and the speaker proved, to her own satisfaction at least, that the Chinese herb is altogether pernicious when taken into the human system.

IN VIEW of the low prices cotton is now bringing, a writer in The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser urges a cheaper handling of the staple. He suggests that commission merchants and warehousemen reduce their charges; that the railroads lessen the transportation rates; that those who charge less per bale than heretofore, and that the price of picking be lessened. In further explanation and enforcement of his proposition the writer shows that, while the net proceeds of a five-hundred-bale lot of lint cotton at 6 cents per pound is \$300, the cost of the picking and marketing is \$150, leaving the farmer \$150. Out of this total of \$300 one-quarter goes for rent, in this is included nothing for the trouble and expense of making the cotton up to the picking point. To make one bale the average of land used is at least three acres. The Advertiser takes it that the figures presented are accurate, and the showing is certainly one that warrants a call for the cutting off of all possible cost and expense.

JAMES FOXBORO, Boston's wonderful boy miser, a stout fifteen years old, has a small fortune without having his mind impaired. He still shows great ingenuity in laying plans for his escape. More than once he has nearly succeeded in getting out.

LOOKOUT for another storm west the last of August and warm weather until the middle of September.

From The Talbott, Ga., News.

The ever-welcome CONSTITUTION came to us last week freighted, as usual, with new items, bright thoughts and sparkling gems from the pens of many of the best writers of the south.

## A SUNDAY SYMPHONY.

Saint Simon's Sound.  
 How mad the white stars danced that night—  
 A wild and merry round,  
 As fast we fled in foam and light  
 Across Saint Simon's sound.

The sail, like some glad gull's white wing,  
 Still made the vessel bound,  
 And sped, as if a living thing,  
 Across Saint Simon's sound.

I did not heed the lamps that flashed  
 From warning towers around,  
 As through the dark and light we dashed  
 Across Saint Simon's sound.

I did not fear the roaring sea  
 Where love is whelmed and drowned—  
 Your hair blowing over me  
 On sweet Saint Simon's sound;

Your soft, white arms about my neck—  
 A splendid necklace wound,  
 White as the foam that washed the deck  
 On glad Saint Simon's sound.

Mine was no heart to faint or fear  
 When roared the storm profound,  
 I only knew that love was near  
 On sweet Saint Simon's sound.

I only felt his living breath,  
 And for that rapture found,  
 I dared the danger and the death  
 Across Saint Simon's sound.

When lightning quivered from the skies,  
 In stormy darkness drowned,  
 Fair flashed the starlight from your eyes  
 On glad Saint Simon's sound.

That starlight which with beams divine  
 Made bright the world around,  
 Till God's own glory seemed to shine  
 Above Saint Simon's sound.

O, dark and light and storm and night,  
 And waves where love is drowned,  
 Give back to me that dream so bright  
 On sweet Saint Simon's sound!

And take these rainbows arching peace  
 In skies by sunlight crowned,  
 For in the storm that never ceases  
 On glad Saint Simon's sound!

FRANK L. STANTON.

The death of Editor Joseph W. Cain, at Summerville, yesterday, will be greatly deplored by his friends in the state. He was one of the brightest representatives of the Georgia weekly press, a fine and forcible writer, whose pen was keen to crush and kill the wrong, and to uphold and champion every righteous cause. He made his paper, The Chattooga News, flash like a diamond with his bright wit and glowing editorials, and when he laid down his pen it was with work well done, in honor, after a life well spent.

Freedom from all these worldly storms and strifes To enter fields the spirit flies  
 While the white angel reads his life's  
 Rare editorial in the skies!

BOUND TO KEEP EVEN.  
 Visitor (to office boy)—I called to see the editor. Office boy—You can't see him. He got a two-thousand-mile pass over the railroad yesterday, and he's trying to ride it out before the 1st of January, so's the railroad won't make nuthin' on him.

The old reliable Gainesville Eagle has not changed hands, as has been reported. Those alternative editors, Butt and Blairs, still hold the fort, and The Eagle is beating as high as ever.

patient hat, with a string to it, and the string holds the string.

The statement that our uncle had died and was \$600 is a great mistake. Unfortunately, the man rallied at the last moment, and is now out of crutches.

We have been appointed cashier of the "Hundred Bank." "Wanted—A second-hand guide to Canada."

The other night John Hammond was staying "How firm a foundation," and he took the shingles off the roof. This shows the power of song.

The crowd that lynched our brother-in-law will please return our plow-iron. We can't afford to furnish the subject and material, too.

## ONE OF OUR OWN.

The Illustrated American, that famous illustrated weekly in the world, has in its last issue an excellent picture of one of THE CONSTITUTION's staff, and with it says:

"Made Andrew Andrews, of Atlanta, Ga., a journalist of a series of letters written from New York to THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION. The contributions were characterized by a freedom of grace and wit that at once marked their author as a correspondent of sterling ability, and distinguished them from the ordinary contributions of some years ago, and today Mrs. Orl is regarded as one of the most prominent newspaper women in the south. Nor is her unusual cleverness remarkable, considering the inheritance of genius she received from a distinguished grandfather, Judge Andrews, of Georgia, a noted judge, in her near family she also reckons Miss Fanny Andrews, the novelist, and Miss Eliza A. Brown, an astronomer and author of various scientific articles."

"The story of this sweet woman's life is full of interesting and helpful, recording as it does her young ambitions when she wrote on all manner of topics, from the social, to the political, to the regular professional work. This woman, full of pluck, originality, and shrewdness, and the obtaining of high ideals that ever inspired her pure and busy pen. No matter what the theme might be—a fashionable gathering, a claim or a personal note—the same spirit animated all she did, and rendered it ever strong, stimulating and full of the broad mind and tender heart of the gentle writer. An independent worker, her facility was truly remarkable, furnishing an ability to treat of public affairs, current events, reforms or social affairs with equal aptness and grace. Possibly Mrs. Orl's most distinctive characteristic is a passionate love of beauty, almost Grecian in its intensity. Beautifully sensitive to loveliness, whether of word, color or form, she responds to harmony like a finely attuned instrument, and is so keenly sympathetic that she is naturally and so acutely sympathetic that it is only natural that her truest love should be for the art. This delicacy of taste and sentiment has very naturally found expression in verse, ranging from sonnets to the most graceful and refined of all showing the writer's really wonderful versatility. The late Henry W. Grady was wont to remark—after several years of daily association with her—'that "Maudy" Andrews is the cleverest young woman I have ever known.'"

"Personally Mrs. Orl is wonderfully attractive, a brilliant blonde with sherry-colored eyes, a trim and elegant figure, and a sweet smile that is a delight to the south. But better even than her beauty, her grace and talents, is the nobility of her life as a mother, wife and worker. She is sweet and fair, wholesome and strong, an ornament to her sex, and a model for every aspiring womanhood to emulate and follow."

## A Card About an Interview.

EDITOR CORCORAN:—Mr. Watson did us an injustice, unintentionally, I have no doubt, but he summed up a talk of fifteen minutes or more in a dramatically drawn breath and a single sentence. It would have been a more nearly accurate summary had he said, "I told him that the sentence or sentences in question might seem to him a direct offer. I knew that it was an offer from THE CONSTITUTION, not from THE CONSTITUTION, but in any case, I was not responsible for the private conversation of Mr. Barrett any more than for that of any other of its two hundred and more employees; and I thought that there was nothing in the letter to warrant the belief that Judge Crisp knew of or authorized the offer. Mr. Watson is the representative of the district in which Mr. Barrett and his family live, and for that reason he took a great interest in Mr. Watson's position on the speakership. In a summary he used some such expression as 'Watson is making a fool of himself, and I have written him about it.' I understood that statement as a mere expression of his personal view, and thought no more of it. I suppose now he felt that the letter which Mr. Watson has said, and which have seen, and which is nothing more than a personal letter from Mr. Barrett to Mr. Watson, attempting to dissuade him from his unwarranted antagonism of Mr. Crisp." J. K. GUN.

## All Needed by the Lawyers.

From The Chicago Tribune.  
 Foreigner—Zay tell







**Estate - Bribery and Corruption  
Flourished in the Atmosphere.**

it was discovered after a time that, through  
clerk, there were several millions more of  
irredeemable paper money in circulation  
than had been approved. A provision of the  
national banking law required that all banks  
organizing under it should withdraw and  
cancel their old notes when they put out new  
ones in circulation. Federal banks, in collu-  
sion with dishonest officials, violated this re-  
quirement, and kept a large part of their old  
money in circulation with the new. At one  
time the amounts of this fraudulent money,  
based on paper, wherever, amounted to \$60,-  
000,000. Some of the

**LAWKES' CRYSTALLIZED LENSES**

EXPERIENCED teacher (Episcopalian) o  
languages, music, English, and mathematics, de  
a situation; highest testimonials. Address, with  
name and terms, Miss Stephens, Ivy Depot, Va.  
25-Share and wed

WANTED—A situation as governess or as teacher  
of English, French, and music. Address, with name  
and terms, Miss Stephens, Ivy Depot, Va.

HITE SEWING MACHINES, \$10 to \$25, \$1 down  
and 50c week. 16 E Hunter st.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

SBS LUMBER CO., manufacturers of sash, doors  
and blinds, mantels, pulpits, pew ends, counters,  
etc. Office and factory corner Mitchell and  
Main streets, Atlanta, Ga.

M. DOORS AND BLINDS, interior and exterior

NEY TO LOAN. - I am prepared to  
time loans on Atlanta property.  
No. 6 Wall street, Room 1001.



**A Straight Tip.**  
from The Courier-Journal.  
The editor of The Courier-Journal is not as big  
fool as he looks.

---

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup reduces  
inflammation while Children are Teething. No

ance. In his prime he could stand flat-footed and jump six feet high. These are no fictitious records, but are well known to the older inhabitants of this section of Georgia. Mr. Smith is now a prosperous farmer of old Newnan, and is the father of Col. Wolver Smith, our county solicitor.

Closed steady; sales 25,000 boxes.  
Loest—Market dull; middling 7½¢.

**Lehman Bros.' Options Letter.**  
Sold out over Lehman Bros. & Co.'s Private Wire by  
Messrs. Youngblood & Hane.  
NEW YORK, August 12—Our market today opened

Sta. Grita—*P.* 31.5.  
BALTIMORE, August 22.—*P.* very active: Howardstown  
and vicinity especially so. *P.* 31.5, 31.6, extra 31.6, 31.7, 31.8,  
mostly 31.6; 31.9; clay hills 31.6; brandeis extra 31.6; high  
31.6, northern strong; Falls 31.6; 31.4; longberry 31.6;  
11.6; western 31.6. 31.5 and winter spot —. Corn, southern  
white quiet at 31.7; yellow strong at 31.7.  
CHICAGO, August 22.—Cash quotations: Western 31.6.

\$3,500 buys good 2-story house, lot 100x250, on Capitol avenue; all outbuildings, fruit trees, etc.; terms easy.

\$2,500 buys 62x207, with house, on Marietta st. We want houses to rent. Great demand for good homes. Prompt replies.

SCOTT & LEBMAN, 28 Peachtree St.



The breaking of chimneys; but that is unnecessary — there are chimneys that do not break. They are made of tough glass, which costs more than common glass, but not so much more as to make it impossible to sell them at the usual retail price; so the dealer gets less profit on them.

The dealer wants to know where his future chimney trade is to come from, if he sells chimneys that last forever. He secures the "good will" and good profits, as well. "Pearl-top" is the chimney; Macbeth & Co., Pittsburgh, the makers.

#### PERFECTED CRYSTAL LENSES

Quality First and Always.

We have unequalled facilities for the manufacture of Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. We grind all kinds of Lenses, plain or convex, concave or cylindrical, for all eyes. Scientific Opticians, 18 Marietta Street, Old Capitol Building.

#### SUMMER RESORTS.

### Southern Sanitarium "WATER CURE."

THE MOST THOROUGHLY EQUIPPED AND oldest scientifically conducted institution of its kind south. During its 16 years of continuous operation, nearly 4,000 invalids have been restored to health. Location—One of the highest and most beautiful in the city. Accommodations—Home-like and elegant. Diet—Abundant, hygienic, well prepared and adapted to suit individual diseased conditions. In conjunction with the most approved medical agents are employed the celebrated

Molieres Thermo-Electric Bath, Improved Turkish, Russian, Roman, electric-va- po, chemical baths and all hydropathic or "Water Cure" processes of scientific repute and known value, together with Swedish movements by steam propelled machinery and by trained manipulators. Massage, pneumatic and vacuum treatment, etc., etc. Physicians sending cases here, either for hydrotherapeutic management or surgical operations, may rest assured of their receiving conscientious treatment and cure. Remedial facilities an excellent boon for invalid ladies. For pamphlets, references, etc., address

U. O. ROBERTSON, M. D., 134 Capitol Ave., Atlanta, Ga. June—dism sun rise

### Oakland Heights Sanatorium, ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Most Complete Health Resort in the South.

OPEN THE ENTIRE YEAR. THIS HOUSE IS THE MOST DESIRABLE in the south for persons who need rest and medical attention. No hotel in Asheville has as well furnished rooms and as complete location. Only in the case of patients is the diet regulated. The table is an important feature of the sanatorium. Elevators, open fire places, electric lights and bells, music hall, billiard parlor, tennis court, etc. The water is pure and plentiful, coming from a large, limpid spring near by. The best of arrangements are as perfect as care and money can make them. Persons suffering with throat and lung troubles are greatly benefited by a stay at this place. The medical management is under the direction of Dr. P. W. Noyes, recently of the Jackson sanatorium, at Danville, N. C. The sanatorium is thoroughly equipped with modern appliances for the scientific relief and cure of all nervous and chronic diseases. The bath department is new throughout and is under the supervision of the most skillful attendants. The methods of treatment include all forms of baths, the medicated vapors, Turkish, electric, Russian Roman molieres, thermo-electric, electro-chemical, massage, electricity in all its forms, also Swedish movements. Medical attendance and every form of treatment included in the price. Beautiful drives, fine living, magnificent mountain scenery. Although the comfort and welfare of the sick are the first considerations, every opportunity is given to those who desire to spend a pleasant and profitable season here. Address for further particulars MISS EMILIE WAUGH, ASHEVILLE, N. C. aug11—dism

### Grand View Hotel, TALLULAH FALLS, GA.

Altitude 2,400 feet; finest mineral water in the state; the only hotel situated in its own lovely park; fine orchestra, tennis play, and magnificent swimming pool. There is no place that gives more pleasure seeker will find more pleasant than Tallulah. Under new management. For rates, special terms to families and for further particulars, address MRS. LUNE & BRO. July 20—9m

### \$500 REWARD. POINT HOTEL, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

I WILL PAY THE ABOVE REWARD FOR ANY place to be found on the American continent to surpass "Lookout Point," as regards location, beauty of surroundings and grandeur of natural scenery. Reference, E. A. Humphill, of The Constitution. Station reduced to \$10 per week; \$37.50 per month for August, September and October. Address FRANK A. HERVEY, Proprietor Point Hotel, Lookout Mt., Tenn. July 20—9m

### HOTEL VENDOME, Broadway & 41st St. New York.

The largest, best appointed and most liberally managed hotel in the city, with the most central and delightful location. HITCHCOCK, DARLING & CO. July 20—9m

### LUTHERVILLE SEMINARY, (near Baltimore) for young ladies.

Over Baltimore for young ladies. \$225 per year. 24th year. Modern conveniences, large campus, full faculty, thorough training, home comforts. Read for catalogue. Rev. J. M. TURNER, A. M., Principal. July 20—9m

### BILL ARP'S CHAT.

HE ANSWERS A HOWLING HYENA UP NORTH.

Who is Angry Because Any Towns Men along the Widows of Confederate Soldiers—New England's Rum Traffic. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." The philosophic mind should always be calm and serene, though in these dog-days it is right hard to be composed when Sirius is exhaling his malignant influences and the bad spirits are sifting the air and hatching discord among men. Paracelsus says that the air is not so full of flies in August as it is with invisible devils. But I know some that are visible, and the Jewish Talmud says that did Adam descend from Eve, but that Adam had another wife called Lilis, and of her nothing was born but devils, and they overrun the country until the flood. They do the same thing in the United States, but they do not tell us, but I reckon some of them had boots of their own. Certain it is that the germ of malignity was not altogether destroyed, and it has multiplied and replenished like bacteria, and has impregnated the souls of human kind to an alarming extent.

The wicked plotter against the just, And guasteth upon him with his teeth.

I was ruminating about this because I had just received a paper from Hutchinson, Mass., called The Interior Herald, which seems to be the malignant republican organ of that region, and its editor came straight down from Madam Lilis, I reckon, and is quite proud of his pedigree. One of my random letters about pensions was his text—one of my mild, good-natured, harmonizing letters that I thought would find a tender spot in the northern heart, for I was asking for pensions for our Confederate widows; and it seems to have disturbed his tranquility and he guasteth upon us with his teeth and gives my letter great big double-column headlines, and then goes to using language upon us with malice aforethought. He is mad because we build monuments and decorate graves and make speeches and put into requisition "rivers of oratory and clouds and waves and cyclones of eloquence to land the cause and the rebels and Jeff Davis, a murdering, thieving old man and traitor." His liver seems to be inflamed because some of the northern republicans are crying out "forget and forgive."

"Let bygones be bygones," and he says they are in line following after Polk and Livingston and Terrell, who once led the rebels, and that "if justice had been done, every murdering rebel would have been hung." Good gracious! what a sight of rope it would have taken. I'll bet this Herald man would have got up a cornucopia of rope. Well, of course, if he had some of that talk would be funny and fantastic if Hutchinson wasn't a right smart town of 8,000 people, and this paper the leading paper in it. What an editor says nowadays is of but little consequence if it expressed his individual opinion; but as a general rule the editor does not lead the people—he follows them—and so it looks bad to see the sign of so much hate and venom still existing among our western brethren. But certain it is that some of his subscribers have put off the red shirt and put on a white one and sworn off from the party, and that is what is the matter.

I thought that all these sentimental questions were settled, and that it was generally agreed that we might love and honor our dead and build monuments and throw flowers and have reunions and hurrah for our side, considering that nothing but sentiment was left us. If a big boy whips a little boy he ought to be willing to let the little fellow to cry some and shake his fist and threaten—many a schoolboy has vowed to whip the teacher when he got to be a man. That is about all we are doing—when we get grown we'll lick you. See if we don't. We'll do it anyhow if you'll walk outside the corporation. I'll bet the editor of The Herald never was in the war or he wouldn't talk so big about hanging us. I'll bet he is indeed on his knees at school as he is now. He is a perfect rage about that Confederate monument at Jackson, Miss.—wish he would go down there and talk like he writes. He says that a northern man is not safe down south and "is in danger of assassination or open brutal murder unless he proclaims his love for the lost cause and its treason." That is the same old lie that has been denounced a hundred times by northern republicans who live here, but it is no lie as far as the editor of The Herald is concerned. He wouldn't be safe. His old carcass wouldn't hold slacks by the time he got off the depot platform—our boys can stand slander and lie after off, but a man must not bring it to them. So let Mr. Herald stay at home and shinney on his own side and we'll send some missionaries up there as soon as we can. We have no language fitter to use on him. He can consider himself called all the appropriate things that Falstaff called Prince Hal and Prince Hal called Falstaff.

We've got to send missionaries up north or the devil will get more than his share of that people. Boston seems to be his headquarters right now. Mr. Fields says in his last Evangelist that a ship has just sailed from Boston with a cargo of sixty thousand dollars' worth of rum for the negroes in Africa. He says the rum traffic between Boston and Africa is worth \$1,800,000 a year. He says that from July, 1880 to July, 1891, was \$1,233,893, which is nearly double the year before. He says that one of the most forcible preachers in the Boston area recently in his pulpit that the merchants engaged in this business were New England men, and were members of Christian churches, and his assertion has not been contradicted. Mr. Fields says: "This traffic is as disgraceful to humanity as the slave trade against which we are fond of protesting. It is carried on not by ignorant Arabs, but by cultured Bostonians. How long shall the church go on spending money and invaluable lives for the Christianizing of Africa, and at the same time shutting its eyes to the demonizing of this country by the rum traffic?" That is a conundrum that we can't answer. It has been long since demonstrated that New England cared nothing for the negro. Old England won't stop the traffic in opium with the Chinese. Neither will New England stop selling rum to the negro as long as there is money in it. Five hundred dollars a year to the church will hide many a barrel in the hold of a vessel. Rev. Joe Cook denounced Henry Grady and his speech in Boston, because he cheered to the encore, and he boasted that what he said would be published in over two thousand northern papers and would be believed wherever read, and all of Mr. Grady's clap-trap would go for naught. That is the kind of reception that Rev. Cook gave Henry Grady's overture for peace. And Rev. Theodore Cuyler says that Rev. Cook is a great and good man and he has lately enjoyed his companionship immensely. And so I am done with Cook and Cuyler, too. I have no respect for a man who companions with a man who denounced Grady's Boston speech, and keeps on denouncing us for what we didn't do. Rev. Cuyler wouldn't have denounced it, but I'm afraid he would bite a man to do his cursing.

I saw in your paper nothing since a communication signed H. M. D., that proposes to knock all the rum out of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. He seems to have been inventing up the James river with Cole

and George, and Colonel George told him that an old farmer told him that his grandfather told him that his great-grandmother told him that Pocahontas was not his name, but it was "Tetchee," and that she was not a daughter of Pocahontas; that she was a white man, and this made her Indian lover Bantee mad, and one day while she was gathering corn he and his followers seized her and carried her away to his tribe. Castalwaal appealed to Captain John Smith for aid to recover his girl, and Smith got old Pocahontas to lead him some of his warriors, and they made a raid and recaptured the maid and Bantee, too, and Pocahontas ordered Bantee to have his brains beaten out with a club, and just as the club was raised to strike the blow Tetchee threw herself in the way and saved his life—not from love but from pity—and she soon after married Homer Castalwaal, and this old farmer who tells the story is her last living descendant.

Well, now it is all wrong to try to spoil the old-time honored story—a story made sacred by the traditions of our fathers, but fortunately it cannot be done in this way, for we still have preserved the colonial history of Virginia, written in 1624, and Captain Smith himself writes the story of Pocahontas and calls her "King Powhatan's dearest daughter," and tells how she laid her own head upon his sword and saved him from death and how John Rolfe fell in love with her and married her, and she was afterwards called Lady Rebecca. Captain John Smith then wrote a letter to Princess Queen Anne of Great Britain, begging that the marriage might be recognized by her and approved. Rolfe also wrote a letter to Sir Thomas Dale in 1615, giving his reasons for marrying an Indian, which letter I have before me, as taken from the colonial records. I do not suppose that there is any event of colonial history more carefully preserved and authenticated than this heroic act of Pocahontas, and I hope that our children's faith in it will not be destroyed by this uncertain narrative of the last living descendant of somebody named Tetchee. Let the old farmer die in his faith if he wants to. BILL ARP.

#### MY DUEL—A SKETCH.

He was a little Frenchman, with a sharp nose, and everything he did was with a perfect ease and politeness peculiar to the French. His gracefulness worried me. His airs, coupled with his French style, maddened me, and in my madness I thought that everything he did was done in order to call my attention to the fact that he was French. The outcome of it was a challenge. It was accepted. As the challenged party he had the choice of weapons. He chose swords. The duel had commenced. The little Frenchman was an excellent swordsman, and, although at the club I was considered no mean antagonist, I foresaw that I was no match for my opponent. Everything was progressing nicely. As yet no blood had been shed, but it was to be the death.

The little Frenchman was playing on the defensive, and had just parried a thrust on my sword. Now the time for me to reform my favorite feint. This I did, with all the rapidity I could command, and made a terrible lunge. But my antagonist was prepared. He parried, and closely followed by my sword, gliding along his, pulled between his arm and body. I knew that all was over with me. After I made the thrust, and before I could recover, my opponent had his sword at my throat. I could not move. I was paralyzed with fear. Every instant seemed a lifetime. I tried to breathe, but I could not. My throat pierced by a sword. I thought of how generous I would have been and given the Frenchman another chance for his life. During all this time for me to reform my favorite feint. This I did, with all the rapidity I could command, and made a terrible lunge. But my antagonist was prepared. He parried, and closely followed by my sword, gliding along his, pulled between his arm and body. 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# BRENN RESEALED TRUST

REPORT TO LIMIT THE PRODUCTION.

Bad and He Dashed... Day Work-Mac... networks-Bill Fanned.

August 22.—(Special.)—The day in Macon is... of the day in Macon is... of the day in Macon is...

NEW WATER BILL... Coming Up from the... of Macon.

August 22.—(Special.)—The water company and the... of Macon.

THE EFFECT OF COMBINATION... the water company and the... of Macon.

MACON VOLUNTEERS... as Enjoyable Affair as... Army.

August 22.—(Special.)—The army, the Macon Volunteers... of Macon.

that Investigation... August 22.—(Special.)—The... of Macon.

New Macon Church... August 22.—(Special.)—The... of Macon.

McFerrin Returns... August 22.—(Special.)—The... of Macon.

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# ALL ABOUT GLOVES.

Whether Lady Eve, when she inhabited the Garden of Eden, wore gloves or not, existing records do not tell us.

Indeed, from the meagre records which we have of that lady's more meagre raiment, it is to be doubted if she ever dreamed of covering her little black hands with leaf-green gloves to match her leaf-green costume.

Der gloves were worn ages ago, for the word is derived from two pretty ancient names meaning gift-love, since among the Greeks gloves were often the gift of lovers and the pledges of affection.

From recent research in France and Belgium we learn that the prehistoric men who lived in caves in the south of France, wore a hand covering of roughly dressed skins sewn with needles of bone.

It is evident that gloves soon fell into disuse for a long time, perhaps hundreds of years, for we do not read of them again until the time of Xenophon, who, in complaining of the un-

wonted luxury of the Persians, says, "It is not sufficient for them to clothe their heads and their bodies and their feet, but they must have coverings of hair for their handsome fingers."

Probably the gloves of that day were more like our modern mittens, with only a separate division for the thumb.

The Romans expressed their warlike natures in their dress as well as in everything about them, and nowhere do we see this more marked than in their hand covering, which consisted of thongs bound over and protecting the knuckles, under which was a linen sheath for the arm, with a scaled armor on the wrist, the whole being held in place by long straps.

A few years later, when the Romans had taken on some of the pomp and luxury of the Persians, we read of their wearing richly embroidered gloves and fine linen.

Athenians is not, perhaps, as often read as Kipling or Tolstoy, but we remember where he tells of a celebrated gladiator who came to the table with gloves on his hands, that he might handle the meat while hot and devour more than the rest of the company. Meat may have been as palatable when handled with gloves as when handled with the uncovered hand, but Roman epicures had a pet theory that olives gathered by the naked hand were more palatable than those gathered by the gloved hand.

There is scarcely a chapter in church history after the death of Mr. Garrick his widow gave them to Thomas Keate, of Chelsea college, and he in turn gave them to his daughter, who now has them in her possession.

Before modern pockets were invented the glove was often a most elaborate affair, with three or four tiny pockets hidden away for money, tablets and jewels.

In the early days in Greece the wearing of a glove was the distinctive mark of gentle birth or royal favor, but in the reign of Edward I, gloves had become so essential a part of the dress that servants hired out for so much a quarter and glove money.

A little later, in the reign of Edward III, "kings" were burnt in the high road in London "because they were seen in such a manner as to be a scandal to the trade."

Not only were gloves made available for secret correspondence in the troubled times of the marquis of Worcester, but silk was so deftly knotted in the fingers that tally could be kept in playing primero at cards without exciting suspicion.

In such correspondence the glove was pinked with the alphabet or knotted with silk signifying any letter with the letters of the alphabet, and, with the glove, the initials were as legible as if written with pen and ink.

Dame Pencil declared against gloves a few years ago, and sent out the decree that rings on her fingers would mark her as a woman of good and regular standing. But it would not do. The glove has an assured position which could not be overturned by even the mightiest of the modern world.

Revolt against gloves at balls, his revolt doubtless agreeing with the sentiments of the wary captain, who, when his gloves were of the quality suggested by the propriety of putting on his gloves before leading

In an excellent museum at Saffron Walden there is still shown a pair of gloves which belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and which she wore on the morning she was beheaded.

Embroidered gloves were brought into England in 1580, and soon after that the custom arose, which has been continued to the present day, of presenting a white glove to the judge at a maiden assizes; that is, a sitting of the court when principal prosecutions are brought forward.

At the presentation of the glove the judge is expected to say some pleasant things to the jury, and after the foreman of the jury has replied in a neat little speech to the court adjourns, and all repair to some neighboring inn for a generous repast.

A few years ago, no sales having been effected at a certain day on the stock exchange in Liverpool the president of the Stock Brokers' Association was presented with a pair of white gloves.

The glove on the point of a spear is a pledge of the world over, just as a glove thrown down is a challenge.

In the olden days, when the "fair" was the one event of the year to the good folks, it was the custom to throw down a glove on the village tavern sign ten days before and ten days after "fair week" to show protection, during which time no person coming to the fair would be arrested for debt.

In truth, such a sacred pledge was the above that lovers plighted their troth by the giving and receiving of a glove. It was in the same year that Shakespeare was engaged to Hathaway that a lover gone wrong was sued by his fair lady for breach of promise. All looked well for the lady until the court found out that the fickle youth had not presented a pair of gloves to the object of his attentions when the case was dismissed, as no engagement could exist without the gift of a glove.

There is shown in London a pair of well-worn gloves which were the property of a hard of Avon. Unlike most relics their history is so well authenticated that there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the article.

They were the property of Garrick, together with the lease of Shakespeare's house in Stratford-upon-Avon, at the time of the jubilee in 1769.

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BY MRS. WILLIAM KING.

[All letters to this department and The Young Folks' column must be addressed to Mrs. William King, 400 Courtland avenue, Atlanta, Ga.]

# ON HEARING SCANLAN SING "PEEK-A-BOO."

You break my heart with your Peek-a-Boo song, And yet I've not had such joy Since I played at Peek-a-Boo with my own little boy.

Oh, the time is long, so long— But he's hiding there, Behind that chair, And my heart forgets its sad moan.

Baby mine, baby mine, Are you there by the Great White Throne? As I look to the sky, with tear-veiled eyes— The babe I have missed too long, From behind the Great White Throne!

With your Peek-a-Boo—my baby comes too, I see him behind that chair, Oh, his eyes and his hair, With his rare sweet grace, And those dimples there, But your song dies away And my sorrow is to stay And my heart makes moan—makes moan.

Your Peek-a-Boo is my own, own boy, And my heart is as light as your own in joy— I catch him, I kiss him, I press him to my heart— But the old sorrow begins to start.

I remember he is up there, I can see his vacant chair, And my heart makes moan—makes moan.

Oh, man, with your God-given power and tact! Teach me only that one sweet song! With its magic I will hold him so strong That the angels can never turn back.

But your song dies away And my sorrow is to stay, And my heart makes moan—makes moan.

—Mary Scott.

"Bathinell!" Many years ago I read a story under the above name, so far as I can remember the incidents were as follows: A man dying called his three sons to his bedside and told them the best friend he ever had was one called "Bathinell," and he wished his sons to find him.

They went from his father's home, and in his search for the desirable friend accumulated great wealth, but yet nowhere could he find his father's friend. So that the wealth he acquired and the riches he gained were of no use to him.

But his heart longed for his father's friend and would not be comforted, because he was not. So that when the light of eternity's morning was shining on his head, with shoulders drooping under the weight of his cares and grief, and a heart withered with the "great disappointment which had overshadowed all his life, he turned his face towards the house of his youth.

The second brother, in his search, wandered far and wide, but he found no one who could satisfy him. He was disappointed in the sole object of his journey. He must be found among the great of earth, so with the midnight vigil, the untiring study and lofty ambition he sought "Bathinell."

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# RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

Showing the Arrival and Departure of All Trains from This City at Central Time.

ARRIVE	DEPART
From Savannah, 7:45 am	To Savannah, 7:15 am
From Macon, 8:30 am	To Macon, 8:00 am
From Savannah, 9:15 am	To Savannah, 8:45 am
From Macon, 10:00 am	To Macon, 9:30 am

From Savannah, 10:45 am	To Savannah, 10:15 am
From Macon, 11:30 am	To Macon, 11:00 am
From Savannah, 12:15 pm	To Savannah, 11:45 am
From Macon, 13:00 pm	To Macon, 12:30 pm

From Savannah, 13:30 pm	To Savannah, 13:00 pm
From Macon, 14:15 pm	To Macon, 13:45 pm
From Savannah, 15:00 pm	To Savannah, 14:30 pm
From Macon, 15:45 pm	To Macon, 15:15 pm

From Savannah, 16:15 pm	To Savannah, 15:45 pm
From Macon, 17:00 pm	To Macon, 16:30 pm
From Savannah, 17:45 pm	To Savannah, 17:15 pm
From Macon, 18:30 pm	To Macon, 18:00 pm

From Savannah, 19:00 pm	To Savannah, 18:30 pm
From Macon, 19:45 pm	To Macon, 19:15 pm
From Savannah, 20:30 pm	To Savannah, 20:00 pm
From Macon, 21:15 pm	To Macon, 20:45 pm

From Savannah, 21:45 pm	To Savannah, 21:15 pm
From Macon, 22:30 pm	To Macon, 22:00 pm
From Savannah, 23:15 pm	To Savannah, 22:45 pm
From Macon, 24:00 pm	To Macon, 23:30 pm

From Savannah, 24:30 pm	To Savannah, 24:00 pm
From Macon, 25:15 pm	To Macon, 24:45 pm
From Savannah, 26:00 pm	To Savannah, 25:30 pm
From Macon, 26:45 pm	To Macon, 26:15 pm

From Savannah, 27:15 pm	To Savannah, 26:45 pm
From Macon, 28:00 pm	To Macon, 27:30 pm
From Savannah, 28:45 pm	To Savannah, 28:15 pm
From Macon, 29:30 pm	To Macon, 29:00 pm

From Savannah, 29:45 pm	To Savannah, 29:15 pm
From Macon, 30:30 pm	To Macon, 30:00 pm
From Savannah, 31:15 pm	To Savannah, 30:45 pm
From Macon, 32:00 pm	To Macon, 31:30 pm

From Savannah, 32:30 pm	To Savannah, 32:00 pm
From Macon, 33:15 pm	To Macon, 32:45 pm
From Savannah, 34:00 pm	To Savannah, 33:30 pm
From Macon, 34:45 pm	To Macon, 34:15 pm

From Savannah, 35:00 pm	To Savannah, 34:30 pm
From Macon, 35:45 pm	To Macon, 35:15 pm
From Savannah, 36:30 pm	To Savannah, 36:00 pm
From Macon, 37:15 pm	To Macon, 36:45 pm

From Savannah, 37:45 pm	To Savannah, 37:15 pm
From Macon, 38:30 pm	To Macon, 38:00 pm
From Savannah, 39:15 pm	To Savannah, 38:45 pm
From Macon, 40:00 pm	To Macon, 39:30 pm

From Savannah, 40:30 pm	To Savannah, 40:00 pm
From Macon, 41:15 pm	To Macon, 40:45 pm
From Savannah, 42:00 pm	To Savannah, 41:30 pm
From Macon, 42:45 pm	To Macon, 42:15 pm

From Savannah, 43:00 pm	To Savannah, 42:30 pm
From Macon, 43:45 pm	To Macon, 43:15 pm
From Savannah, 44:30 pm	To Savannah, 44:00 pm
From Macon, 45:15 pm	To Macon, 44:45 pm

From Savannah, 45:45 pm	To Savannah, 45:15 pm
From Macon, 46:30 pm	To Macon, 46:00 pm
From Savannah, 47:15 pm	To Savannah, 46:45 pm
From Macon, 48:00 pm	To Macon, 47:30 pm

From Savannah, 48:30 pm	To Savannah, 48:00 pm
From Macon, 49:15 pm	To Macon, 48:45 pm
From Savannah, 50:00 pm	To Savannah, 49:30 pm
From Macon, 50:45 pm	To Macon, 50:15 pm

From Savannah, 51:00 pm	To Savannah, 50:30 pm
From Macon, 51:45 pm	To Macon, 51:15 pm
From Savannah, 52:30 pm	To Savannah, 52:00 pm
From Macon, 53:15 pm	To Macon, 52:45 pm

From Savannah, 53:45 pm	To Savannah, 53:15 pm
From Macon, 54:30 pm	To Macon, 54:00 pm
From Savannah, 55:15 pm	To Savannah, 54:45 pm
From Macon, 56:00 pm	To Macon, 55:30 pm

From Savannah, 56:30 pm	To Savannah, 56:00 pm
From Macon, 57:15 pm	To Macon, 56:45 pm
From Savannah, 58:00 pm	To Savannah, 57:30 pm
From Macon, 58:45 pm	To Macon, 58:15 pm

From Savannah, 59:00 pm	To Savannah, 58:30 pm
From Macon, 59:45 pm	To Macon, 59:15 pm
From Savannah, 60:30 pm	To Savannah, 60:00 pm
From Macon, 61:15 pm	To Macon, 60:45 pm

From Savannah, 61:45 pm	To Savannah, 61:15 pm
From Macon, 62:30 pm	To Macon, 62:00 pm
From Savannah, 63:15 pm	To Savannah, 62:45 pm
From Macon, 64:00 pm	To Macon, 63:30 pm

From Savannah, 64:30 pm	To Savannah, 64:00 pm
From Macon, 65:15 pm	To Macon, 64:45 pm
From Savannah, 66:00 pm	To Savannah, 65:30 pm
From Macon, 66:45 pm	To Macon, 66:15 pm

From Savannah, 67:00 pm	To Savannah, 66:30 pm
From Macon, 67:45 pm	To Macon, 67:15 pm
From Savannah, 68:30 pm	To Savannah, 68:00 pm
From Macon, 69:15 pm	To Macon, 68:45 pm

From Savannah, 69:45 pm	To Savannah, 69:15 pm
From Macon, 70:30 pm	To Macon, 70:00 pm
From Savannah, 71:15 pm	To Savannah, 70:45 pm
From Macon, 72:00 pm	To Macon, 71:30 pm

From Savannah, 72:30 pm	To Savannah, 72:00 pm
From Macon, 73:15 pm	To Macon, 72:45 pm
From Savannah, 74:00 pm	To Savannah, 73:30 pm
From Macon, 74:45 pm	To Macon, 74:15 pm

From Savannah, 75:00 pm	To Savannah, 74:30 pm
From Macon, 75:45 pm	To Macon, 75:15 pm
From Savannah, 76:30 pm	To Savannah, 76:00 pm
From Macon, 77:15 pm	To Macon, 76:45 pm

From Savannah, 77:45 pm	To Savannah, 77:15 pm
From Macon, 78:30 pm	To Macon, 78:00 pm
From Savannah, 79:15 pm	To Savannah, 78:45 pm
From Macon, 80:00 pm	To Macon, 79:30 pm



## A HERALD SCOOP.

### FOR CARTER HAS PURCHASED THE WHOLE BUSINESS.

The Deal Was Perfectly Yesterday, and Mr. Murphy and His Exhibition Friends Go Out.

Yesterday afternoon The Evening Herald was sold to Colonel Josiah Carter, who will continue the publication of the paper.

The Herald was started about six weeks ago by a company of which Mr. A. A. Murphy was president.

A complete outfit was bought and a number of persons were engaged to work on the paper. Rev. Sam W. Small was selected as editor, and Colonel Carter was engaged to edit the news columns. The paper has been very bright and readable.

#### How It Came About.

The publication of a daily paper required more care and labor than some of the men who were in the company had bargained for. Mr. Murphy, who was the chief promoter of the enterprise, found that his law practice was being sadly neglected and that it was necessary for him to give up either his practice or The Herald. Colonel Carter had put no money into the paper and was working for a salary. Two or three days ago Mr. Murphy asked him if he cared to invest. Colonel Carter replied that he had a strong desire to own a daily paper in Atlanta, and negotiations progressed until late yesterday afternoon, when the price was agreed on and the purchase made. So that tomorrow's Herald will be under Colonel Carter's exclusive management. Mr. A. A. Murphy, Mr. Dodd and the other gentlemen who furnished the money to start the paper are out.

#### Colonel Carter Talks.

Colonel Carter was asked last night if Mr. Small would remain with the paper. "I have had no conference with Mr. Small," was his reply, "I have not seen him since the trade was closed. Mr. Small has been doing good work, hard work and lots of it. I regard him as one of the finest newspaper men in the country. The trade was really very unexpected to me. I had decided that the sale would not be made, and that was my impression at 4 o'clock. At 6 o'clock I had bought the paper."

"What are you going to do with it?" "I may organize a stock company, or I may run it myself. I intend that the paper shall be improved as rapidly as possible, and one of the first steps will be to move into more convenient quarters and put in a perfecting press. The press I now have is not as fast as I need."

"What sort of a paper will The Herald be now?" "It will be a newspaper, and will be just as bright, clean and readable as it can be made. In addition to being a newspaper, it will lend its most earnest efforts to building up Atlanta, and to keeping the people united, prosperous and happy. I think there is no city in the world quite as good as Atlanta, and there are no people to whom I could be more devoted. The Herald will be a factor in the great growth that is certainly awaiting the city. I have very decided views on this subject, but the paper will speak for itself as soon as I can get things straightened out."

#### Mr. Murphy Talks.

Mr. A. A. Murphy was asked why he had so soon turned of journalism. "I am a lawyer and not a newspaper man," was his reply. "I saw I could not run a paper and attend to my practice, so I sold the paper. Colonel Carter is a newspaper man. It is his profession. He wants a paper and I don't, and so he's got The Herald. That's all there is in it."

The price paid has not been stated, but it is understood that all parties are satisfied. Colonel Carter gets a double cylinder Hoe press, such as THE CONSTITUTION used before its first perfecting press was bought. He gets the type and other printing material; the office furniture, books, accounts, good will, etc., and is the only man in town who owns a daily paper all by himself.

#### THEY WERE YOUNG.

But Had Their Own Ideas About the Proper Age to Marry.

There was a romantic little episode Wednesday last.

And two young hearts that beat as one, and that already were bound by the silken ties of love, were fastened together by the strong bonds of law.

Mr. Paul Richardson is a bright and popular young man, who says he is nineteen years old. His affections have for some time been centered upon Miss Jennie Bankston, a pretty and charming young lady of fifteen. The affection was mutual, and the two openly discussed the advisability of a speedy wedding. Parents were approached, and while objections to neither party were raised, their years were considered too young and tender to battle with the waves in the sea of matrimony.

The young people appreciated the wisdom of the older heads, but were sure that in their special case they were wrong.

So putting their heads together they came to the conclusion that their own sweet will was what should be followed.

Wednesday the first step was made by the procuring of the license. The young lady was stopping with a married sister, and that night young Richardson took a stroll with her.

He carried her back to her sister's and then went to his home. The next morning he made arrangements for board for two at the corner of Magnolia and Mangum, and then called for his bride. They told of the quiet marriage the night before, and gave all a great surprise. Blessings and congratulations were received, and the happy young couple went to their new home, where they are now quartered.

#### CARELESSLY ARRANGED.

The Hard Work of the Fire Laddies Prevent a Conflagration.

What would probably have resulted in a disastrous fire was checked just in the nick of time yesterday.

At about 8:30 o'clock in the morning some one at the Wellhouse Paper Company's store struck a match, and soon traced it to the coal in the cellar. Chief Joyner was sent for, and after coming, he quickly summoned several of his men.

They worked ardently for quite a while before they could trace the fire. The cellar had been packed from top to bottom with coal—nearly two carloads of it, and the shaft from the machinery becoming dry, was heated and ignited the coal.

It was a careless arrangement, and the men saved a big loss—perhaps the destruction of the building.

At least they say would have been the case had it been on Sunday—a day later.

## ABOUT THIS CITY.

### THE ALLIANCE HAS COME AND GONE, AND ATLANTA HAS SETTLED BACK INTO HER NORMAL CONDITION.

The state convention of sturdy sons of the soil did just what it was expected they would do. Re-elected President Livingston, reaffirming allegiance to the Ochoa platform, and sit down on the gentlemen who represented the opposition to the ruling powers in the order.

Livingston is on top—there is no manner of doubt of that. His enemies sadly acknowledge it, and shaking their heads, say "the good time coming."

Governor Northern and Dr. Gibson, to whom I have talked, both refuse to say anything now.

Governor Northern has said to friends that he expects to carry his fight to the stump, before the people. I presume this means that Governor Northern expects Colonel Livingston to be in the race for the governorship next year. That is an expectation which many other people entertain, but whether Colonel Livingston entertains it or not, nobody can tell. The colonel is in the habit of intrusting his secrets to anybody else; besides that, he in all probability has not yet made up his mind on this subject. There is ample time for many changes between this and the next gubernatorial campaign.

Dr. Gibson says he has nothing for the public now, but he probably will have in the not far future. He is not a man to let up on a fight after he has once gone into it, and he will doubtless be heard from.

Larry Gantt is in earnest about his new paper, and an interesting piece of news in this connection is contained in the announcement that The Free Lance is to be an out-and-out advocate of the third party.

"I am firmly convinced," said Larry yesterday, "that the farmers of Georgia are in favor of the third party, and I am going to help along that idea. I expect to make my paper red hot from the start. Will I succeed? I think so. I have always had a circulation of at least twenty thousand, and believe this paper will have more. I am prepared to spend a good deal of money at the start to make the paper just what I think it should be, and I feel confident of success."

Senator Gordon's reply to the alliance is, naturally enough, being widely discussed. His friends say he has done just what he should do; his enemies call it an unmistakable dodge.

Some of General Gordon's friends urged him to make no reply at all, taking the ground that the demand—or request—of the alliance was intended simply as an insult by his enemies. Others advised him to adopt the course he took, a dignified announcement that he had expressed his opinions on the points raised and if he had anything further to say would say it at the proper time and place.

A good many of the men in that convention feel, however, that Senator Gordon has "insulted the alliance" by his action. They say he was in the convention hall when the resolution was passed, and knew fully of its contents. They expected, they say, some sort of an answer before the convention adjourned—were entitled to it. "Instead of that," said one, yesterday, "General Gordon waited until after we had adjourned and then excused his delay by saying that the formal notice did not reach him until Thursday night. If he was going to make the short reply he did finally make, I see no occasion for his taking twenty-four hours to do it."

Others talk in the same strain. It is difficult for a man to please everybody; General Gordon has long since learned that.

The third party emissaries went away sadder than they came. The Georgia farmer is the backbone of the democratic party, and is not going off after false gods. If the aforesaid third party men don't realize that now, they will soon.

I have just heard of a coincidence concerning that nickel-plated bicycle story with which John Sibley's enemies tried to beat him for the legislature. The Honorable John, who will remember, was heralded as the only member of the Georgia alliance who reveled in the luxury of a bicycle. The story was designed to beat Sibley—but it didn't.

Well, in 1881, Sibley bought the bicycle from Mr. McKenzie, of the Marietta Gun Company. Mr. McKenzie had just married, and decided he had no further need for the machine. Sibley kept it a year and then, when he in turn went to get married, sold it to Mr. Payne, of Macon.

Here's the coincidence: Mr. Payne is now state chemist and devotes a portion of his time, at least, to analyzing gun made by Mr. McKenzie; while Mr. Sibley helps make the laws governing the sale of that gun.

Some people have urged it as against Hon. W. C. Glenn that he is a young lawyer—the inference, rather than charge, being that he is too young for the position of assistant attorney general.

Speaking of that, a friend said: "Bill Glenn is the oldest lawyer of his age, if that expression is good, in the south. Although less than thirty-five years old, he has from eighteen been a member of the bar of the superior courts and for seventeen a member of the bar of the supreme court of the state."

Governor Northern has not yet appointed Colonel Westmoreland as judge, but the appointment will, in all probability, be made on Monday. Yesterday the governor spent some time in going over the papers. He is making a very careful examination of them, and will make his appointment as soon as he finishes Judge Westmoreland, it will be.

The very many friends and admirers of Rev. Mr. Barrett will join THE CONSTITUTION in the hope of a speedy recovery.

The Consolidated Street railway officials seem to be decidedly unfortunate.

For six weeks General Manager Batts has been confined to his home by a severe attack of typhoid fever. He is convalescent. Now Superintendent of Construction Walker is on the sick list.

In the meantime Mr. Mansfield, the expert of Boston, has been supervising the work that is rapidly being pushed to a conclusion.

And still the Atlanta club keeps winning. That's getting monotonous. Are there no other ball clubs in this country?

#### A Child's Death.

Martha, the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. B. Miner, died at their home, 135 South Pryor street, Friday night. The little one had been sick for quite a while and death was not unexpected. The funeral took place yesterday from the residence. The interment was at Westview.

#### St. Luke's Cathedral.

Corner of Pryor and Houston streets. Early communion at 7:30 a. m., Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., morning service at 11 a. m., with sermon by the Rev. H. K. Rice.

#### Chapel of the Good Shepherd.

Sunday school at 3 p. m., evening service at 8 p. m., with sermon by the Rev. H. K. Rice.

## IS HE A BIGAMIST?

### A SALVATION ARMY MAN CHARGED WITH HAVING TWO WIVES.

An Atlanta Painter Denies His Wife and Is Joined by an Atlanta Woman in Waco, Texas.

J. T. Hornsby was a painter and contractor in Atlanta a few months ago. He joined the Salvation Army and showed great zeal in the work.

Miss Minnie Bowers came from Nashville some months since and became a devout adherent of the army. She is about twenty-two years of age and is a rather comely young woman. Her comrades say they do not know much concerning her past, but since she came to Atlanta her conduct has always been blameless, so far as they could observe it.

Hornsby was thrown much with Miss Bowers, and the two seemed fond of each other—too fond—some of the members thought.

This mutual tenderness was ascribed to religious zeal by the unsuspicious soldiers, but some of the others attributed it to another cause, and gossiping tongues began to wag.

The 30th of last month Hornsby received a summons from the commander at Augusta, but this order was countermanded at once, and the next day he was called to Jacksonville. He had in Atlanta a wife and four children, and he knew he could not carry them with him. So he appeared much grieved at leaving them, but sacrificed his happiness in the discharge of his religious duty. He left Atlanta with the avowed purpose of going straight to Jacksonville, but he changed his mind and went to Texas.

Soon afterward Miss Minnie Bowers quietly left Atlanta, and none of the soldiers had any idea of her destination. In less than a week she joined Hornsby in Waco, Tex., and it was rumored that they were married. It is said she wrote a female friend in Atlanta telling her that she and Hornsby were married and living happily together.

The news reached Mrs. Hornsby, who was indignant at the perfidy of her husband, and she determined to prosecute him to the utmost extent of the law. She stated her case at police headquarters yesterday morning, and the case was placed in the hands of an officer to work it up.

A warrant charging Hornsby with bigamy will be sworn out by his deserted wife.

The officers of the Atlanta division of the Salvation Army declare they will assist Mrs. Hornsby in bringing her recalcitrant husband to justice. They are outraged at the conduct of one of their trusted soldiers, and will go to any length to vindicate the good name of the organization.

#### AROUND THE COURTHOUSE.

Gossip Gathered in the Various Departments.

No courts have been in session the past week, but next Monday week two tribunals will be running simultaneously.

The new judge, who will preside over the criminal wing of the city court, is co-ordinate only try criminal business but will hear civil cases as well. He and Judge Van Epps, working harmoniously together, will soon clear the dockets of the overplus of cases with which they are cumbered.

Judge Richard H. Clark has been holding court at Marietta. He will open court in Atlanta the first Monday in September.

Judge Howard Van Epps, who has been spending several weeks in Athens, will return home early next week.

Solicitor General Charles D. Hill is taking a much needed rest at Salt Springs, and Solicitor Frank O'Bryan is rusticating at his country retreat, "Sans Souci."

One of the most faithful workers in the courthouse is Dr. Holliday, in the clerk's office.

At the meeting of the grand jury week after next some matters of more than ordinary moment will be investigated.

The young lady who was adjudged to be insane by a commission de lunatico enquirendo before Ordinary Calhoun, has been sent to the state lunatic asylum. Her physicians express the hope that her case will easily yield to treatment, and that she will soon be returned to her home perfectly cured.

Captain George B. Forbes has been ill for a few days past, but is entirely well again.

One of the most active men about the courthouse is Mr. J. J. Hart, of the third story. He can serve more papers than any other man in the county.

#### THE DELEGATES HAVE GONE.

The Delegates to the Alliance Convention Have Returned Home.

The corridors of the Markham house were a deserted appearance yesterday.

The lively scenes that had passed there for the past few days had disappeared. For the delegates to the alliance convention had gone home.

Most all of them left immediately after the adjournment of the convention, but a few remained until yesterday.

The Markham house was their headquarters while they were here, and it will be a long time before the Markham house will be as lively an appearance as the alliance delegates gave it.

The subjects most discussed by the alliance men who remained over until yesterday were Senator Gordon's letter and Larry Gantt's new paper.

Larry received a great deal of encouragement and promises of support, and is very sanguine of success.

#### SAM SMALL TO LECTURE.

He Will Lecture at Prohibition Hall This Afternoon.

Rev. Sam Small will deliver a lecture this afternoon, at Prohibition hall, on the subject: "The American Vestibled Train, Drawn by Engines."

Wherever Mr. Small lectures he always draws large audiences, and his lectures are always scholarly and entertaining.

He lectured at Prohibition hall last Sunday afternoon on the subject, "Is Our Civilization a Failure?"

A large audience was present to hear him, and was absolutely charmed by his elegant and eloquent manner in which Mr. Small handled his subject.

Mr. Small is an able and forcible speaker as well as writer, and is a deep thinker and constant reader.

At It Again.

Mr. Isaac Stienheimer, the clothing dealer of Atlanta, will go to New York on September 1st. He sold his own business some months ago, and thought, then, his retirement from trade would be permanent. But he has decided to go into active service once more, and has accepted a position with the large and well-known house of Eisenberg & Bros., of New York.

Mr. S. A. Bogan, of Atlanta, who has been spending some time at Aberdeen, Miss., returned here yesterday accompanied by Miss Beattie Flint, of Aberdeen, who will spend some time with her. Miss Flint is one of Mississippi's most cultured young ladies.

## AGAIN BADLY BEATEN.

### THE MACON TEAM FALLS AN EASY VICTIM TO ATLANTA.

After a Most One-Side Contest—The Day in the League and Association. The Sporting World.

Macon made her farewell appearance at Piedmont park yesterday, and now her ball players are going home to practice in the hope of finding some victim.

The team as it stands now is no match for Atlanta.

In the three games played here the local nine has rolled up fifty-six runs, and had there been any need, there is no telling just where the scoring would have stopped.

Yesterday's game was but a repetition of the two previous ones. The contest had hardly well begun before every one saw how it would terminate, and as before, the main interest centered in the extent of the visitors' defeat.

Coppege, who regularly plays right field, went into the box for Atlanta, and in nine innings Macon made two little hits—one in the second and the other in the third.

The local men had quite a different experience. They walked up to the plate full of confidence and were seldom disappointed. Everybody but Foreight and Merrill got onto the ball in splendid shape.

Atlanta started with four runs in the first inning. After Butler had made a hit, a series of errors and singles sent him and three others across the plate. In the second, Macon made two, but Atlanta immediately tallied three more.

Then Harper, who had essayed to do the pitching for Macon, retired to second and Harris finished the game, pitching fairly good ball.

The Central City team never again scored, nor after the third inning did they make any hit. The local men afterwards had easy sailing and did not find it necessary to exert themselves.

In the ninth inning Freemy met with quite a painful accident. In sliding to second he dislocated his shoulder. He was taken to town, and had the wounded member immediately attended to.

Glenn, Foley, Marshall and Merrill all put up an excellent fielding game, while Roach covered first in his usually good style. In the ninth Marshall stopped a runner, and himself beat the runner out at first.

The score was as follows:

Foreight, c...	2	0	3	0	Snow, lf.....	1	0	4	0
Roach, 1b ....	1	2	16	0	Harper, p. 2b..	0	0	2	22
Merrill, ss....	2	0	1	0	Chapman, rf...	0	0	1	22
Van Dyke, rf...	1	3	0	1	McKay, 2b. c.	0	1	7	33
<hr/>					<hr/>				
Total.....	13	16	27	2	Total .....	2	2	24	9

Score by innings: 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 Atlanta; 4 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 13 Macon.

Struck out—Atlanta, 7; Macon, 2. Left on base—Atlanta, 7; Macon, 4. Hit by pitcher—Foreight, 1; Macon, 1. Hit by batter—Roach, 2. Double plays—Merrill, Marshall and Roach; Foley and Harper. Umpire, J. H. Fox. Food and drink supplied by the Atlanta Athletic Club.

How the Baseball Games Played Yesterday Resulted.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Brooklyn. Boston, 1; Brooklyn, 0. 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 Brooklyn.

At Cincinnati. Cincinnati, 1; Pittsburgh, 0. 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 Cincinnati.

At Philadelphia. Philadelphia, 2; New York, 1. 2 1 0 0 0 1 2 1 2 Philadelphia.

At St. Louis. St. Louis, 2; Cincinnati, 0. 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 2 St. Louis.

At Chicago. Chicago, 0; St. Louis, 0. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Chicago.

At Baltimore. Baltimore, 0; St. Louis, 0. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Baltimore.

At Washington. Washington, 0; St. Louis, 0. 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Washington.

At St. Louis. St. Louis, 2; Cincinnati, 0. 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 2 St. Louis.

At St. Louis. St. Louis, 2; Cincinnati, 0. 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 2 St. Louis.

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## FROM OUR NOTEBOOKS.

### —His Mother's Death.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. W. L. Stoddard, the well-known architect, received a telegram announcing his mother's death, which occurred last Thursday in New Jersey.

### —A Correction.

In last Sunday's paper Mr. Landon C. White was referred to as superintendent of the Southern Agricultural Works. This was an error. Mr. White only being employed there. Mr. A. Jessup is superintendent.

### —The First to Arrive.

Messrs. J. T. Boyle and J. E. Small, of the Richmond and Danville, reached the city last night. They form the first installment of the Richmond and Danville force to reach Atlanta under the new dispensation. A special train carrying a large party will reach Atlanta tonight.

Elder T. M. Harris will deliver his fifth lecture on the creation today. His subject will be "Man," and the lecture will be the most interesting of the series which he has been delivering.

### —He Is Much Better.

Manager of Amusements Cohen, "Sandy" Cohen that is, who has been confined to his home by illness for several days, was able to get down to his office yesterday, and is all right once more.

### —His Old Home Paper.

The Dalton Argus says of the application of Colonel W. C. Glenn for the position of assistant attorney general:

There certainly will be no applicant better equipped to meet the demands which present antagonisms will constantly develop. Mr. Glenn has far superior in the understanding of the law.

—A Bartow Club in Cobb. The Stilesborough Club was entertained on Friday on the union grounds in front of the home of Colonel R. T. Nesbitt, in Cobb county.



OUT OF THE WORLD

**COAST DWELLERS WHO ARE A  
FURY BEHIND THE TIMES.**

**The Fisher Maid of Basket Island and the  
Discouraged Citizens of  
Isle au Haut.**

**BANGOR, August 22.**—The residents of South Thomaston, Me., are, in common with other Maine coast dwellers, rather behind in the march of civilization. It doesn't require much to startle them. The other day a steamer, called the White Head blew a very long blast from her peculiar sounding china whistle, where the villagers marvelled greatly, but at night they were horribly frightened. A steamer was in the harbor displayed an electric light reflecting a light on the water, the beach and land, and not a few of the unsophisticated natives, remembering the unearthly shrieks of the strange steamer, coupled the two events and concluded that the universe was about to collapse. The innocence of these people will be very strange when it is remembered that many of the natives of Monhegan and other coast islands of Maine never see a horse, a train of cars, a car or a brick house, never having set foot upon the main land. There is a man on Monhegan Island who knows the Boston and Bangor, St. John's and Bangor, and all the other steamers that pass the island, and he, although nearly seventy years old, has never been on board of any kind of a steamer.

the engine. "I've been very long since a few acres of good soil in outer Casca Bay, known as Basket Island, was deserted by the only people who ever had the courage to live there—an old man and his wife and daughter. These people lived in a small hovel, and the old man had a little wind-swept aid, and were veritable hermits. The man fished, while his wife and daughter carried on the farming operations which could be carried out on the island. It was coarse hay the island afforded? and carrying it on poles to the cowshed. They had no garden, not even a patch of potatoes, but they had a few chickens. The old man never visited the mainland for seventeen years while the daughter had passed the entire sixty years of her life upon the lonely spot. One night the old man died, and the daughter was left. The girl was bright, but untutored, pretty, but miserably clad. She wore a few stockings, and knew nothing of hats. The only article of clothing she had was a blue circle was a half-sister, who she had never seen. Her father said that this other daughter lived 'out west.' She lived in Kenebunab, near Yag, and she had written him so much to the surprise of some yachtsmen who once landed on the island, was able to give several popular airs upon an old accordion. When Yag came to the island, he was hearing it played by the bands of passing excursion steamers. A party of picnickers who landed there last week found Basket Island a very interesting spot. The old man's field mice, and gulls perched boldly upon the roosting window sills of the old house, while one corner lay the dilapidated accordion. The old man was the chief consolation to the lonely fisher maiden.

There is, perhaps, no more lonely spot on the whole Atlantic coast of the United States

[illegible]

age not been able to get a drink when I want it."

At a pathetic appeal one of the visitors handed out a flask, which the native seized with an expression of mingled astonishment and delight. He had half drained the flask when Marjorie, who had been told of the berries, strove the cows home and milked them, while her lord and master sat on the stone step and whittled, smoked and dismused himself with the depression that had settled upon him at Haut. He said that he had been trying to sell his place-house, barn and land, cows, and all, for he wanted to get away from the place. He had offered \$300 for the whole outfit, and he stopped smoking long enough to swear a great oath that he wouldn't take a cent less. This was the first time he had ever sworn, and he was glad to work. He seemed to feel that somehow he had been cheated—that the world owed him something, but that Lile an Haut was a poor place to live in, but that Lile an Haut was a poor place for tourists who have no liking for crowded resorts go to Lile an Haut now, and if complete satisfaction is what they seek they surely must be satisfied.

**THE FIGHT AT BLADEN SPRINGS**

The Rescue of Herbert Sims, the Moonshiner, by His Friends.

MOBILE, Ala., August 22.—Details of the rescue of Herbert Sims, illicit distiller, by his brothers Nell, James and his son Bailey, are as follows:

to be a very sensational affair. A deputy United States Marshal's posse, after capturing the two men at the Gladys Springs, left them with only one guard while the rest of the posse went to supper at a hotel, some distance away from the cottage in which Sims was confined. The brothers and son had arranged to attack the posse on Friday when the posse was to the bait, but, finding Herbert Sims in practically unguarded condition, they took advantage of the opportunity, rushed in, and shot down Frank Dahlberg, and Dr. A. E. Fugh, a young man who had stopped in to see a few words to Dahlberg and who had nothing to do with the arrest of Sims. Dahlberg was shot twice in the neck and was seriously wounded and through the heart. He died instantly. Neil and Herbert Sims ran out of the rear door of the cottage and Jim and Bailey out of the front door. The deputies, startled by the shots, ran on and one of them fired on Jim and Bailey. Jim and Bailey were in his tracks and Jim and Bailey were mortally wounded. A friend of Fugh's later tried to put more bullets into Jim, but missed his mark, inflicting only a slight wound on his arm. At last reports there were threats of lynching the wounded man. Guards were put out to surround the escaped Herbert and his brother, and a shooting party was organized. To the hard of hearing, failed to halt when called on to do so and was fired on and wounded. A crowd of citizens prevailed and men troubled to surround the man, but he was not expected when a reinforced posse was sent on to overtake the two men.



**RADWAY'S**  
**READY RELIEF.**

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World. Never Fails to Relieve PAIN.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS  
A half to a teaspoonful of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a small strip of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and effect a cure.

INTERIALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick-Headache, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. 50c per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

**RADWAY'S**  
**PILLS,**

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.  
Price, 25c a box, sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & CO., 32 N. 5th St., New York, on receipt of price.  
Sold daily sun wk too cool or m left hand last day

**HUGE DIMENSIONS.**

THREE TIMES AS LARGE AS ANY STAGE EVER BUILT

In the South—Just Eight Sundays Before the Great Exposition of 1891 Opens—Facts About the Great Event.

There is usually no particular interest manifested when anything arrives at the exposition office, but a long box brought in by the express messenger yesterday morning created no little excitement. From its appearance it was supposed to contain a lady's parasol. The president and secretary looked with wondering eyes to see what the package contained, and upon opening it they found the plans for the huge stage for the production of King Solomon.

Manager Cohen handed it to Secretary Arnold, as he could better decipher Architect McElfatrick's plans, but the modest secretary left it for President Wylie. After looking over the plans, it was too important to be done under their supervision alone, consequently architects were sent for to take charge of the plans, and also the building of this huge stage.

The drawing was very complicated and shows the stage exactly as it is now to be hewn from Eldorado. It is not only a double the size of the stages of all three Atlanta theaters put together. Thousands upon thousands of feet of lumber will be necessary for the erection of this huge outdoor amusement. The stage will be 300 feet long and 150 wide. The incline graduates from four feet to nine, and this is done in order that dressing rooms could accommodate the large number of people who participate in the production. From the center back to the rear of the stage, railroad tracks are laid for cars used in shifting the scenery.

The work of erecting this building is almost equal to the building of a small theater, and was it not that we get the scenery and costumes from the Eldorado company, it would be a task that would occupy six months for the opening of this great attraction. The work will be begun as soon as the architects can get their plans perfected.

COMING FROM EVERYWHERE.  
So great is the attention drawn to our exposition and especially to the many features of King Solomon—the wonderful carnival of beautiful floats, dazzling and brilliant display of costumes, with a grand ballet of 250 ladies—that daily letters are being received from every section of the country. Many have been received from Texas, Mississippi, and Arkansas. The following letter was received from George T. Dent, Annsville, Lawrence county, Arkansas:

Mr. S. H. Cohen: Will you please be so kind as to send an illustrated copy of your great King Solomon show that you are to have at the exposition, also any other literature that you may have. A number of us want to come to your exposition. Very respectfully,  
GEORGE T. DENT.

This is only to show that attention is being drawn to our exposition from every direction. Only Eight More Sundays.

It is a fact that only eight more Sundays remain in which to tell the people of the wonderful exposition Atlanta is to have this year. Yes; to tell the people that they will have an opportunity that never before has been presented to them, a golden opportunity to see more in one day than they can see traveling six months.

These are facts that are borne out not only by the statements of the officers. The King Solomon that is to be presented here during the holding of this exposition is pronounced by The New York Herald, The World, and other papers to be the grandest spectacle ever presented in America. This and the other shows, collected from all sections, will make this Piedmont exposition, the world's fair of 91, a marvel of interest.

In addition to having a grander list of attractions than any of the former ones, this exposition has more ground space applied for this year than ever before.

Not for \$100,000 could any people or company organize or get together such an aggregation of attractions as we will have in some of the side shows, and it would take more than a hundred thousand dollars to organize the exhibition directors are attractions that we will have at the exposition. For instance, King Solomon, which is now new and has never been given anywhere except at Eldorado, costing \$250,000; Professor Bartholomew's trained horses cannot be purchased for \$100,000; Professor Kennedy, with his chariot and herd of horses, are easily worth \$50,000; the great Rooster orchestra is a novelty, which cannot be purchased for any amount of money—it is the only one in America, directly brought from Paris. And then a wonderful amount of race horses will be here, also Professor Achille Philion mounting the famous spiral tower, and then we have the Fisher Brothers in their great mid-air leaps, who have the twenty-foot most renowned acrobats in the world. This makes up an aggregation that would even dwarf the famous Barnum we be alive. The one mystery is, how can all this be seen in one day? The fact that the exposition is in one day? The fact that the exposition is in one day? The fact that the exposition is in one day?

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**THE WEATHER BUREAU**  
**TRANSFERRED TO THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.**

A State Signal Service to Be Established in Georgia—The Service to Be Extended. A Cool Wave Coming.

The legend, "Signal Service, United States Army," has disappeared from the headings on all weather reports.

In its place is found, "Department of Agriculture, Weather Bureau."

This change is due to the fact that on July 1st last, the duties heretofore performed under the direction of the chief signal service officer, were, by operation of the act of congress, approved October 1, 1890, transferred from the war department of the United States government to the agricultural department.

The duties of this branch of the public service will be considerably enhanced under the new management, and every thing possible will be done to give the public full and complete reports.

A new and very important branch of the bureau is that of the "Local Forecast Office." These officials will each day make a forecast of the weather, temperature and winds that will occur in the vicinity of the city in which they are stationed.

This "local forecasting" has been done in Atlanta with great success, the average of verifications reaching 93 per cent, and this too, in summer, when the weather is never settled, but liable to momentary changes.

The chief of the weather bureau is doing all in his power to bring the service in direct connection with the people, and has directed his agents to do all in their power to secure the desired result.

In addition to the places now receiving forecasts by telegraph, telephone and otherwise, at the expense of the government, fifty additional points in each state are to be telegraphed the forecasts at governmental expense. Complete sets of display flags will also be furnished at these places.

State weather services are being rapidly established in states not having such organizations.

A movement has been placed on foot to secure such an organization in Georgia, and considerable advance has already been made to secure that end.

A service of this kind would be of vast importance to her people, for in addition to the work usually performed by such organizations, forestry and river work would receive considerable attention, and it is to be hoped that such a service will soon be established in Georgia.

Here's a Prediction.  
A cool wave is coming!  
It is on its way here now.  
And if it reaches us on schedule time it will arrive about 7 o'clock this morning.

So the weather man says.  
The people of Atlanta will rise up and call him blessed if it gets here.

It was meandering round in the far northwest yesterday, but it has started down this way and will arrive this morning in Atlanta, and there will be a decided drop in the temperature.

That numerous citizen "the oldest inhabitant," say that they have felt but few as hot days as has been for the past week. They have mopped their brows and grinned, but have borne it, and have commended to the fool-killer the inquisitive genius who has asked "Is it hot enough for you?"

Friday was the hottest day of the month, the maximum temperature being 93. Yesterday the maximum temperature was 91 and the minimum 71.

The prospect of immediate relief from this humid state of affairs will afford joy to the many individuals who have suffered from the unwholesome heat.

It may be some relief to know, also, that the cyclone which has been playing havoc in Hayti, and which was expected to touch Georgia or Alabama, has taken a southerly direction, and will not disturb us.

**AN HOUR WITH SPURGEON.**

Sunday morning in London, I awoke and rubbed my eyes that I might look about me. I was in the left hand room from the entrance, on the lower floor of the house, which is No. 14 Queen's square, Bloomsbury Place, London.

Two hours later I had my English breakfast, and was asking directions of my landlady to Spurgeon's tabernacle, which I knew was several miles distant. Her rosy face dimpled all over at the sound of his name; and, from a box in the hall, she took a tiny white envelope and handed it to me.

"Take this, put a shilling in it, and drop it into the contribution box you will see at the entrance, and the usher will find you a desirable seat in the tabernacle," she said.

Into a box near the gates of the tabernacle I noticed a few slipped envelopes, and to those, a kind-looking usher (I suppose he is called), beckoned to follow him. I followed through a short vestibule, into the immense building and was shown to a seat about the central part of the building.

As service had not begun, I looked furtively about me. The vastness of the tabernacle impressed me, but it lay no claim to architectural display. Around the interior of the hall, however, extend two galleries, one about five feet above the other. The crimson and gilt railing of these galleries gave a cheerful, rather than garish, effect to the whole.

Fronting the congregation, was—I shall not call it a pulpit—the speaker's stand, with the same bright border of red and gold. In the stand sat three or four gentlemen, and I wondered if one were Spurgeon, and which were the others. Five thousand people were waiting that day to hear the great Spurgeon speak. The congregation was made up of eager, bright, neat people, but there was no gorgeous, inappropriate display of Sunday finery, and well one knew by the faces around that the people came to hear Spurgeon's sermon, a somewhat unusual motive for people being at church.

A tiny old lady sat next me, and she looked so home-like and good humored, and had such a sweet smile settled about her mouth, that it gave me courage to ask her which of the gentlemen seated in the stand was Mr. Spurgeon himself. She answered that he was not there at all, but would be presently. I might see him enter through a door at the back of the speaker's stand.

A few moments after the door opened, and I saw a stirring through the congregation. I lifted my eyes and saw him as I had many years to see. He did not look as I had pictured him. He did not look ethereal, holy, wise, but merely a typical Englishman who could eat roast beef and plum pudding, and enjoy it, too. Somewhat stout, with a fresh complexion, dark hair, streaked with gray. Smooth double chin, and the conventional side-whiskers—he bore no sign that he had talked with angels and given out to men the inspirations they had lent to him.

In a few moments Mr. Spurgeon gave out the hymn, with a few words in praise of song, the hymn being "The Lord is my strength and my shield." He did not look as I had pictured him. He did not look ethereal, holy, wise, but merely a typical Englishman who could eat roast beef and plum pudding, and enjoy it, too. Somewhat stout, with a fresh complexion, dark hair, streaked with gray. Smooth double chin, and the conventional side-whiskers—he bore no sign that he had talked with angels and given out to men the inspirations they had lent to him.

A man who led the singing rose and at the wave of his hand five thousand people began to sing. By leading time, and the clear enunciation of a most powerful voice, the leader so guided the voices of the multitude that they blended into a full, rich tide of melody. The melody was "The Lord is my strength and my shield." He did not look as I had pictured him. He did not look ethereal, holy, wise, but merely a typical Englishman who could eat roast beef and plum pudding, and enjoy it, too. Somewhat stout, with a fresh complexion, dark hair, streaked with gray. Smooth double chin, and the conventional side-whiskers—he bore no sign that he had talked with angels and given out to men the inspirations they had lent to him.

The question of music is of great interest to the exposition, and as everything they have is grand, none but the best music in the land will be secured. And there will likely be two bands, one for King Solomon, promenades, concerts, etc., and another for parades, races, etc., keeping music playing from the time the gates open to the closing of the exposition. The music will be played from the time the gates open to the closing of the exposition. The music will be played from the time the gates open to the closing of the exposition.

**THE AFRICAN FEVER.**  
**THE ATLANTA NEGROES HAVE GOT IT AGAIN.**

Another Big African Emigration Scheme Started Here—The Originator Wants Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

The African fever has again broken out among the negroes of Atlanta.

And it is raging quite as bad as it was when Peeke and Davis were working the gigantic African emigration fraud last year, upon which so many negroes staked their fondest hopes.

Ever since Peeke painted such glowing and inviting pictures of Africa last fall, and excited the negroes to such a wonderful degree, they have been anxious to go to the promised land—Africa.

But as it is well known Peeke's scheme did not materialize, and the negroes, or most of them lost, their money.

Since then several negroes, claiming to be bona fide representatives of some great steamship company, have tried to get the negroes to drop a dollar-in-the-hat-and-go-to-Africa, but they have met with but indifferent success.

Their Moses Comes.  
But the negroes think that their Moses—their deliverer, who is to carry them from the land of bondage to the promised land, has now come.

He is the Rev. Benjamin Gaston, of Monrovia, Liberia.

Gaston arrived in Atlanta about three weeks ago, held a meeting at Schell's hall, on Mitchell street, and unfolded his great scheme.

It was dazzling to the negroes. They had heard nothing like it since the days of Peeke, whose melodious eloquence had bewitched them into dropping many a dollar into his treasury.

Rev. Gaston explained to them that he only asked for the modest sum of \$15,000 to carry over the first load of negroes. He would start with not less than two hundred or more than seven hundred, but the \$15,000 had to be raised before he could start.

The ships in which he proposes to carry over the negroes, he says, are owned by himself and Elder, Dempsey & Co., of Liverpool, England. He calls his company the African Emigration Company.

He told a glowing story of what the Liberian government would do for all those who went there. It was not exactly forty acres and a mulatto, but it was twenty-five acres and six months' rations.

The promise of such sudden riches staggered the darkeys somewhat, and they began the task of raising the necessary \$15,000 to get the first installment of their off.

For three weeks enthusiastic meetings have been held at Schell's hall on Mitchell street and Middlebrook's hall on West Peters street.

In glowing colors the great and superior advantages of Liberia were painted. Verily it was the land of corn and wine, and of milk and honey, "possum and faters."

It was more than the heart of many a negro could stand. He chipped in. A secretary and treasurer were elected and the grand movement started.

It is now in full blast, and about sixteen or seventeen hundred negroes have joined it. They are patiently waiting for the required sum to be raised so that they can set sail for Liberia.

Who Gaston Is.  
Gaston is an intelligent, looking negro of about thirty years of age, and is well educated. He claims to be a Baptist minister, and has an extremely pious look. He says he was born in Baker county, Georgia, and left here in 1866 for Liberia. Since taking up his residence there he has acquired immense wealth, as his story goes, and is the possessor of a vast area of rich farming lands about sixty miles west of Monrovia.

In 1884 he became interested in the scheme which he now proposes to carry out. He came to Washington city and endeavored to get congress to aid him in his efforts. Senators Blair, of New Hampshire, and Hale, of Maine, championed his cause and after two or three years' hard work, he succeeded in obtaining a promise of aid. Relying on that promise he returned to Liberia. He then began lobbying with the Liberian government to get them to offer some inducements to the American negro to come and settle there. He succeeded admirably. A law was passed offering twenty-five acres of farming land to a married man and ten acres to an unmarried man with six months' provisions. But the movement received a setback by the failure of the American government to give aid. This year, however, Gaston determined upon putting the scheme through. With this purpose he left Liberia on June 2d, this year. In Liverpool, he formed a partnership with Elder, Dempsey & Co., a wealthy firm, who are to furnish the ships.

When asked yesterday how much had been subscribed, Gaston smiled, but would only say: "It has not quite been subscribed yet. But I believe it soon will be and I want to leave early in September."

The negroes say that about one thousand dollars has been paid in, and they are looking forward joyfully to a departure in about ten days.

He's Sure Going.  
He is old—one of the old-fashioned negroes of ante-bellum times, and he's going "sure." He was a newly acquired lock of the greatest importance, and looked with great disdain upon the poor streets of Liberia. He had his mind upon the fertile fields of Liberia, with her fields of waving coffee and forests of precious perennials.

"Are you going, uncle?" the reporter asked.

"What you want to know for?"

"I'm interested in you. I want to know when you start."

He laughed a long, knowing laugh.

"But, yo' sees I got too much sense to tell yo' when we gwine. If I was gwine over yonder 'bout sixteen miles after a gold mine, 'cose yo' try to stop me cose it 'ud knock you out."

The old darkey then broke into an uncontrollable fit of laughter at his excellent logic.

"Cose, den," he continued, "I ain't gwine to tell yo', kase yo' try to keep me from goin'."

"A man without reason," said a negro who is strongly opposed to the movement, "is a fool."

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